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Balmer, Thomas

ENTERTAINING RHYMES



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Having been asked repeatedly for copies of some of the enclosed pieces by those who have heard them, and urged by many friends to have them grouped together and printed, I have, at their request, decided to issue them in this little book form.

Trusting they may bring words of CHEER, INSPIRATION and WARNING to many.

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GOING TO HULL.

The other night while walking round,
A lot of my old chums I found,
And when I said "Where are you bound?"
They said "We're going to Hull."

Farewell bars that sell soft drinks,
Welcome Bridges golden LINKS,
Across the river we'll have high jinks,
We're going to Hull."

Just then I saw Old Blinks go past,
I never saw him walk so fast,
"Where are you going, old friend?" I asked.
Said he, "I am going to Hull."

And then I saw Old Cupboard-bare,
He lives in a cellar down a stair,
He'd left his wife and children there,
And he was going to Hull.

Then a shabby man with colored nose,
Whose wife works hard at washing clothes,
As he passed by he said, "Here goes,
I am going to Hull."

At last I said to Jack Disgrace,
"What makes the folks to Hull all race?"
Said he, "It's the SPIRIT of the place,
That makes them go to Hull."

I know little of the appetite,
With which these people have to fight,
But I know a power can put them right,
Without them going to Hull.

Who drinks Hull SPIRITS shall thirst again,
GOD puts His SPIRIT in all men,
Who yield to Him they thirst not then,
To go to Hull.

OTTAWA RIVER.

A toper in a bar-room stood,
Drinking something he thought good,
Neglecting wife and son and daughter,
Speaking loud of river water,
He said "You're drinking from a sewer,
The water never could be pure.
I'll never drink of it again,
Hurrah for Porter and Champagne."

A chum who knew a thing or two,
Said "Now Toper that will do,
It's not the water you should fear,
But the so-called engineer,
He has given us the shock,

He could not build an aqueduct,
You've worse than water on the brain,
I guess it's Porter and Champagne."

Just pay eight millions for the scheme,
Which is called the Gatineau dream,
And fail to get an engineer,
To lay a pipe from there to here,
That will not leak or let in sewer,
Or give sufficient of its pure,
You'll then depend on snow and rain,
Or on Porter and Champagne.

You've lots of water right at hand,
You want a pipe laid over land,
Free from sewer adulteration,
Made more safe by filtration,
You'll have water good and clear,
Don't pollute and call it beer,
For dirt is dirt in water main,
Or in Porter and Champagne.

And so of water men converse,
This is bad and that is worse,
But let me tell you of the water,
Offered to Samaria's daughter.
She did not understand at first,
CHRIST said "Men drink and never thirst."
She found when she was born again,
It beat all Porter and Champagne.

To this water you're invited
If you drink you'll be delighted,
All other drink you will despise.
When GOD'S the spring of all your joys,
But if drink and sin you choose,
Till your precious soul you lose,
For water you will call in vain,
Where there's no Porter or Champagne.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Some people think you only guess,
When you speak of HOLY things,
And tell them how the LORD will bless,
And the peace obedience brings.

I'd like to ask a question here,
To try and put such right,
I wonder if these folks are clear,
How WE get ELECTRIC LIGHT?

There're very few von know of course,
Who knowledge do obtain,
Sufficient to explain this force,
And make it clear and plain.
Where there's no porter or champagne.

Yet, whosoever will may know
 Who will the button turn,
 That light, and heat and power will flow,
 They can see and feel it burn.

GOD'S light and power come just the same,
 OF course, you can't see through it,
 You must believe on JESUS' name,
 You're in darkness till you do it.

GOD gives directions if you look,
 You need not go on guessing,
 Just turn the button, by the book,
 And you will get the BLESSING.

THE OLD COUNTRY.

Things were so dull, for trade was bad,
 The want of work sent some folks mad,
 One day I lost the job I had,
 In the Old Country.

I heard but thought it rather funny,
 That Canada flowed with work and money,
 So like a bee in search of honey,
 I left the old country.

I never shall forget the day,
 I started giving my things away,
 Or selling to those who would not pay,
 In the Old Country.

In packing I was much perplexed,
 Shall I pack this first, or pack that next?
 I left MANY things which made me vexed,
 In the Old Country.

At last I got on board the ship,
 I felt a quiver on my lip,
 Shook hands with friends, 'twas my last grip,
 Of the Old Country.

When just a short time on the sea,
 Some fish were fed instead of me,
 Oh how I wished that I could be.
 IN the Old Country.

I'd scarcely reached the Canadian shore,
 And got sea sickness nicely o'er,
 When another sickness troubled me more,
 'Twas for the Old Country.

But I am glad I am not sick to-day,
 I've settled down, I've come to stay,
 I never think of going away,
 To the Old Country.

I've still another tale to tell,
 You—are on a voyage as well,
 Don't think you will forever dwell,
 In the Old Country.

And just as I was coming here,
 Left friends and things that I held dear,
 So you must leave all sin, 'tis clear,
 In the Old Country.

Just think you're speeding onward fast,
 Where do you think you'll land at last,
 When life and every chance is past,
 In the Old Country?

Let me advise you do beware,
 Pack up to-day, for Heaven prepare,
 There's welcome awaiting all up there,
 From the Old Country.

TELEPHONE.

(May be sung to "There is a happy Land").
 Early in the days of youth,
 GOD rang you up,
 You were startled by the truth.
 God rang you up,
 To the Sabbath school you went,
 Mother taught you to repent,
 Conviction to your heart was sent,
 GOD rang you up.

You were led to kneel in prayer,
 God rang you up,
 You said, "Hello, please, who is there?"
 God rang you up,
 You remember the reply.
 "Be not afraid, My Child, 'tis I,"
 To make you ready for to die,
 I ring you up."

There you learned how vile you'd been,
 God rang you up,
 There you learned you must be clean,
 God rang you up,
 There you learned, the blood alone,
 Could for every sin atone,
 Speaking o'er the Heavenly phone,
 GOD rang you up.

Oh be thankful you're a'ive,
 When GOD rings you up,
 Remember He won't always strive,
 Or ring you up,
 You may call on Him in vain.

If you do you can't complain,
 You must say through all your pain,
 GOD rang me up.

OTTAWA POST-OFFICE CLOCK.

Man's life is short, 'tis like a race,
 Or just one round on life's clock-face,
 At 12 o'clock His life's begun,
 He scarcely knows it has at ONE,
 And before he's learned his hours are few,
 The clock again is striking TWO,
 In fact at two he cannot see,
 How very soon it will be THREE,
 Before his play and schooling's o'er
 The clock again is striking FOUR,
 From four o'clock we see him strive,
 For pleasure till it's after FIVE,
 Now how live he's in a fix,
 He wonders how from five till SIX,
 He hears a deal of GOD and Heaven,
 But business holds him till it's SEVEN,
 He finds in business few are straight,
 And goes on without GOD till EIGHT,
 Then often through the love of wine,
 He's stupified until it's NINE,
 Now his hair is gray, he stoops again,
 Back towards the earth at TEN,
 Yet still he does not think of Heaven,
 The world still charms him at ELEVEN,
 And now it's time his grave to delve,
 His day is o'er, the clock strikes TWELVE.

MARCHING THROUGH BELGIUM.

The Germans made a great mistake
 So it is thought by some,
 There was a better way to take,
 Than going through BELGIUM.
 They very heavy had to pay,
 Just for that little kaper,
 For they ignored, that very day,
 That famous scrap of paper,
 This caused the Lion to help the Bear.
 To the Eagle's aggravation,
 Taught her that she should play fair,
 Not strike a little Nation.
 While Huns were smashing Belgian forts,
 And towns and cities burning,
 The French were getting these reports,
 And lessons they were learning.
 When Belgian forts went down like fun,
 The French the warning heeded,
 And in the fight around Verdun,
 We see how they succeeded.
 Now what's the lesson we may learn?
 If we learn none, it's a pity,

We all are hoping in our turn,
 To reach another City,
 "There is a way that seemeth right,
 The end thereof is Death,"
 The Blood alone can make hearts white
 The Holy Scripture saith,
 Come to the Saviour, don't delay,
 Said He "I am the door,"
 For those that take some other way,
 There's trouble on before,
 You'll try some other way in vain,
 In CHRIST is your salvation,
 Unless you have been "born again"
 You are under Condemnation.

IS THERE A DEVIL?

There're some would say, no there is not,
 For I have never met Him,
 But they have never reached the spot,
 The only place to get Him.
 Suppose just to illustrate,
 There is fish in Rideau River,
 But you have to use a certain bait,
 Or fish in vain for ever,
 Suppose you try all other fare,
 But the one that was suggested
 And then declare, there're no fish there,
 The River I have tested,
 Men have found in every age,
 That those who do take JESUS,
 Are subject to the Devil's rage,
 He's anxious then to seize us.
 Why should the devil sink a ship,
 Of a power that's really neutral
 Or annoy a man that's in his grip.
 While their interests still are mutual?
 The sinner's like a dog that's tied,
 And with its master goes,
 It walks quite happy by his side,
 It's tied but scarcely knows,
 But should it see one of its kind,
 And would like to run and play,
 Then it will find a chain to bind,
 And it cannot get away.
 But if you've nothing more than form,
 Not washed yet in the blood,
 Why should the Devil rage and storm,
 If you make the Church your GOD?
 But if you will be out and out,
 "And not at ease in Zion."
 You'll find the Devil goes about,
 Just like a roaring lion
 At other times He's like a spy,
 Or "an angel of the light."

The Book has told us very plain,
And it's not an idle story,
That all must suffer, who would reign,
With JESUS in the glory.

JUST AS GOOD.

Sometimes I go into a store,
For some kind of goods I've had before,
And the clerk will say, "We have no more,
But I've something just as good.

And some times I've fallen in the trap,
And bought something not worth a rap,
Because the clerk, that subtle-chap,
Said it was just as good.

And Satan on me played this plan,
When to seek JESUS I began,
Said he "Just do the best you can,
And that is just as good." „

I'd read "you must be born again",
And CHRIST alone could save lost men,
Said Satan "Join the Church, and then,
That is just as good."

I had read in John and chapter one,
"To as many as receive the Son,"
Said Satan, "Sir, that can't be done,
But I've something just as good."

If you will only get baptized,
Your hopes will then be realized,
And you won't be half so much despised,
And that is just as good.

But still this did not end my woe,
I said my Saviour I must know,
Said Satan to communion go,
And that is just as good.

And so while Saints had Holy joys,
I was the dupe of Satan's lies,
I tried the things he'd advertise,
And said were just as good.

At last my very soul was stirred,
Such lies he told, you never heard,
But now I trust GOD's HOLY Word,
And there's nothing just as good.

Now I have peace without alloy,
The Comforter brings Holy joy,
I don't believe the DEVIL'S lie,
He has nothing just as good.

THE SLAVE SET FREE.

Once I was bound by the fetters of sin,
My conscience condemned me, I'd no peace within,
I struggled for freedom, but struggled in vain,
The Devil He beat me again and again,
At last to the Saviour I came with my case,
He gave me Salvation, Salvation by grace,
And now the joy and peace I know,
I would not sell for "a picture show."

Salvation has made a most wonderful change,
My old friends have left me, they think I've gone strange,
From worldly amusements I easily abstain,
The theatre, etc., I treat with disdain,
Hockey and baseball to me are the same,
Let others enjoy them, for me they're too tame,
I find my delight in keeping God's law,
And would not forsake it for all OTTAWA.

GOD'S kingdom is first dear Brother to me,
I try to extend it wherever I be,
The thought of position or building a church,
I've left far behind me, yes left in the lurch,
Let others seek honour, and desire to rise,
I'm content to await my reward in the skies,
So my motive is pure, when I speak and I pray,
And I would not be double for a'l Canada.

The world is my parish, the "Harvest is great"
Iems and schisms can't alter my state,
I'll g'ean for my Master, like Ruth in the field,
But to cold forms around me, I never will yield,
My soul is on fire a revival to see,
How or where it may come is nothing to me,
I fight beneath God's banner unfurled,
And would not forsake it for all the world.

USELESS PRAYER.

Suppose you were to pray and sing,
To be a soldier of our King,
But don't enlist or do a thing,
Well that's a useless prayer.

Suppose you put up a petition,
That you might be a great musician,
But practice not nor take tuition,
Well that's a useless prayer.

Suppose to-night you should begin,
To pray to GOD for peace within,
But still hold on to wilful sin,
Well that's a useless prayer.

GOD'S order is confess, forsake,
Salvation on His terms you take,
Or all the prayers you like to make,
Will just be useless prayer.

It's prayer in action that we need,
First we ask, and then take heed,
To do just as the Lord shall lead,
Or pray a useless prayer.

PERSECUTION.

1st John 8 and 13: "Marvel not my brethren if the world hate you."

Marvel not my Brother
If the world hates you,
But marvel if it doesn't,
And wonder if you're true,
"If you were of the world,
The world would love its own,"
The world is sure to hate you,
If you live for God alone.
I would not expect a German,
To have much love for me,
While fighting as a Britisher,
As a foe I'd treated be.
You may think the German Kaiser,
As a fighter has made fame,
But old Satan is far wiser,
He's been longer at the game,
He knows how to attack you,
Though you are inside the fold,
He thinks he may side-track you,
If He just can keep you cold,
Put say "Cold He'll never find me,"
When the tempter comes along,
You can say "get thee behind me"
If you're HOT in CHRIST, and strong.

FOR YOUNG CONVERTS

JESUS said "come unto Me
I will not cast you out."
Coming means obedient be,
Believe, why should you doubt?
If you will read John Chapter one,
The twelfth verse, and believe Him,
The work is done, you are His son,
The moment you receive Him,
It's by the heart and not the head,
Just cease your CHRIST rejection,
All to Him you give instead,
That means your heart's affection,
Where your treasure is, your heart
Most certainly will be,
Love of the world, play a part,
That would end disastrously,
Don't mind feelings, they'll come right,
By grace you are saved alone,
Walk in every ray of light,
GOD sends you from His throne,

Choose as friends and company,
 Those who love the LORD,
 And find each day, time to be,
 Searching through GOD'S WORD,
 And now the real fight's begun,
 Though Satan you've not known,
 From Him you will not easily run,
 He'll claim you as His own,
 Tell you that you're good enough,
 Or you've put it off too long,
 Get your friends to treat you rough,
 And swear you're going wrong,
 Now's the time to play the man,
 It's for you to do, and dare,
 Don't say I can't, but say GOD can,
 And seek His grace in prayer.
 Two masters you can never serve,
 Let this be clear and plain,
 Choose the right, and never swerve,
 Firm as a rock remain,
 Satan now your feet would trip,
 Be careful watch His bait,
 Remember if you make a slip,
 You have an advocate,
 Keep yourself in GOD'S love,
 And sing a Holy song,
 Set your heart on things above,
 And thus you will grow strong.

THE MAN THAT DIDN'T KNOW.

Nicodemus. John, Chapter 3.
 Nicodemus was a Pharisee,
 A ruler of the Jews,
 One night he came to Jesus,
 No doubt seeking news.
 He said "thou art a teacher,
 From God we know you came,
 No man could do such miracles,
 In any other name."
 JESUS answered, "Verily, I say unto thee
 Except a man be born again,
 My kingdom he can't see."
 Nicodemus was surprised at this,
 And desired to be told,
 How he could be born again,
 When he was big and old.
 JESUS said "It's like the wind;
 You're certain that it blows,
 But cannot tell just whence it comes,
 Nor tell just where it goes.
 And you cannot see GOD'S spirit move,
 But His work is clear and plain,
 Marvel not at what I say.
 "Ye must be born again."
 As men are born to life on earth,
 Before they grow and shine,
 So none without the second birth.

Grow into life divine,
 Though you may join with those that pray,
 The church may not see through you,
 Remember God will say some day,
 "Depart I never knew you."

THE LITTLE RICH MAN.

Zacchaeus. - Luke 10.

Zacchaeus was a wealthy man,
 And small of stature he,
 One day to see our LORD he ran,
 And climbed into a tree,
 And when the Saviour came that way,
 "Zacchaeus," he said, "come down,
 To-day I must abide with thee."
 And folks began to frown,
 For Zacchaeus was in no sense good,
 As men see one another,
 All this JESUS understood,
 Yet received him as a brother,
 Zacchaeus stood and said "Behold,
 Half my goods I give the poor,
 To all I will restore four-fold,
 What I've taken heretofore."
 And JESUS said, "unto this house,
 Salvation's come today,"
 For he's a son of Abraham,
 Lost and gone astray,
 And I have come to seek the lost,
 That all men may enjoy,
 Salvation free at highest cost,
 And welcome home on high."
 Hark, Brother, JESUS calleth thee,
 Will you come while there is room,
 Or you will spend eternity
 In ever-lasting gloom?

THE POOR BLIND MAN.

Blind Bartimeus. Mark 10 and 46.

Bartimeus was a poor, blind man,
 Begging on the street,
 One day while he was sitting there,
 He heard the tramp of feet,
 And cried out, "What is up today?"
 And some one who was nigh,
 Said "Jesus Christ of Nazareth
 Just now is passing by."
 The blind man called out there and then,
 "SON of David, prince of peace,"
 He called so loud, some in the crowd,
 Bade him hold his peace,
 But Bartimeus called out yet the more,
 For the blessing that he sought,
 And JESUS heard and gave the word,

Bartimeus must be brought,
 And some one said, "He calleth thee
 Arise, do not delay,"
 And he cast away his garment,
 And hurried right away,
 JESUS said "What wilt thou
 That I do unto thee?"
 The blind man said unto the LORD,
 "I am blind, I want to see."
 And JESUS made his sorrow cease,
 And filled him with delight,
 He bade him go away in peace,
 Bartimeus got his sight.
 My JESUS still is passing by,
 He still is good and kind,
 If like Bartimeus you will cry,
 Then Jesus you will find.
 You've a chance tonight to get your sight,
 You may get another never,
 JESUS may pass and then, alas,
 You will be lost forever.

ON MY WAY TO GLORY.

To the church triumphant I belong,
 Jesus only is my song,
 I'll praise Him with my heart and tongue,
 On my way to glory.

John three sixteen is my creed,
 To Luke three sixteen I take heed,
 On the blessed word I feed,
 On my way to glory.

I read the "word" through no man's specks,
 I am now my soul can't vex,
 I'm not troubled now by sects,
 On my way to glory.

The world now thinks I'm very old,
 Since I joined the church of God,
 But, smiling on the way I plod,
 On my way to glory.

The blood I know has made me whole,
 The comforter is in my soul,
 He keeps me in good control,
 On my way to glory.

In my Saviour's strength and might,
 With sword and shield and armour bright,
 Every day I have to fight,
 On my way to glory.

Some times the foe so strong I meet,
 Left alone I should retreat,
 I just trust, GOD keeps me sweet,
 On my way to glory.

The spirit in my soul doth burn,
To be more HOLY, now I yearn,
I'm looking for my Lord's return,
To take me home to glory.

EXPERIENCE.

My JESUS lives today,
He smiles just now on me,
My sins He's washed away,
And Oh I do feel free,
I feel so light,
I love to fight,
With all my might,
For GOD and souls.

I have closed my heart and eyes,
To all but GOD alone,
And my affections rise,
To JESUS on His throne,
The world can't charm,
The Devil can't harm,
So all is calm,
Within my soul.

I know I fight for GOD
And not to get a name,
And though misunderstood,
I go on just the same,
I am inspired,
If not admired,
I feel I am fired,
To work for GOD.

DEEPER YET.

1st Cor., 3 and 10.

There's one thing I desire below,
That more of Jesus I may know,
DEEPER sink, and stronger grow,
I must go deeper yet.

DEEPER when with GOD I am pleading,
DEEPER when His Word I am reading,
DEEPER when His Lauds I am feeding,
I must go deeper yet.

And you that know your sins forgiven,
While you have had a taste of HEAVEN,
You have only got a little leaven,
You must go deeper yet.

You with form without the power,
Or with droppings not the shower,
The call's to you, this very hour,
You must go deeper yet.

If with the world you're hand in hand
With cold professors take your stand,
You're wanted in the red hot band,
You must go deeper yet.

If you are neither cold nor hot,
And looking back like—"MRS. LOT,"
Then GOD will say "I know you not,"
You must go deeper yet.

DEEPER in love, and faith, and joy,
DEEPER in my Lord's employ,
DEEPER until I daily die,
LORD take me deeper yet.

TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Chorus of Old, Old Story to be sang at end of each verse.

If you should chance to meet me,
At work or on the street,
And you'd really like to treat me,
And do the work complete,
Don't offer me some whiskey,
Or give me a cigar.
Nor tell some dirty story,
'Twill suit me better far,
To tell me the old, old story.

Don't tell me of the man you know,
That's always going astray,
Who'd rather have a picture show,
Than read GOD'S word and pray,
Don't tell me of the crooked folk,
Such stories only freeze me,
Don't tell me of the hypocrite,
But if you want to please me,
Tell me the old, old story.

Don't tell me of the Sister that,
Can gossip all day long,
And find fault with her Sister's hat,
But can't control her tongue,
Don't tell me of the man that's got,
A religion that's all form,
The kind that's neither cold nor hot,
The kind that's just luke warm.
Tell me the old, old story.

Tell me of those who in the blood,
Have washed and been made pure
Who live and walk and talk with GOD,
Are on the rock secure,
Like Enoch and Elijah,
Like Abraham of old,
Like Daniel . yes, and many more,
Who for GOD were brave and bold,
Tell me the old, old story.

I'm never tired of hearing it;
 To me it's never stale,
 When fortune smiles or troubles come,
 Tell me the same old tale,
 And if you would a comfort be,
 When wishing me good-bye
 If you should come to visit me,
 When I'm about to die,
 Tell me the old, old story.

THINGS DIVINE.

Sang to "Count your Blessings."

Work out your salvation, if you've got it in,
 But do not try to grow in Grace till cleansed from sin,
 First you to the Saviour come before you shine,
 Old things then will pass away for things Divine.

Chorus:

Think of good things as through you go,
 Do not think so much about your grief and woe,
 Satan's anxious you should whine and pine,
 Think less of your troubles, think of things Divine.

"Seek ye first the kingdom" is the LORD'S command,
 For your good all things will work if in GOD'S hand;
 Though Satan may invite you with himself to dine,
 Just say "get thee behind me," think of things Divine.

Philippians and chapter four gives good advice,
 Just you read the eighth verse and you'll find it nice,
 There you have a bill of fare from which to dine,
 Come to the table, take your share of things Divine.

As a man thinketh in his heart so is he,
 If his thoughts are Holy, he will Holy be,
 If he thinks of trouble, he will whine and pine,
 Therefore think of Jesus and of things Divine.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Youth was a blunder now I see plain,
 My head was swollen, my heart it was vain,
 I laughed at the old folks, I felt I was tall,
 Advice and suggestions I threw to the wall,
 I grasped at the shadow, the substance I missed
 Like a bubble thing vanished, when closing my fist,
 Yes, youth was a b'under 'tis now that I see,
 All that I gathered was just VANITY.,

Middle age was a struggle for butter and bread,
 And keeping a shelter over my head,
 I tried to be truthful, honest and good,
 But somehow or other I was misunderstood,
 I would not do wrong for favor or fear,
 I'd a conscience in business I tried to keep clear,
 Yes, middle age was a struggle I'll always admit,
 For man, when morally and physically fit.

Old age I think I must call a regret,
 The blunders of youth trouble me yet,
 I am saying to myself, if I only had,
 Done this thing or that when I was a lad,
 The world minds best the worst things I have said;
 And I wish I'd spoken kindly instead,
 Yes, it's true, old age should be called a regret,
 Could I live o'er again, I'd be wiser, you bet.

"LIFE ASSURANCE."

Sang to the tune "Marching on to war";
 (bar of companies mentioned in the second verse.)
 We come to you to-night, dear friend,
 Who are by sin allured,
 We say get ready for your end,
 And for Heaven get insured,
 We have a grand proposal,
 'Tis that you give up sin,
 Though you're sick, you'll pass the doctor,
 And the LORD will take you in.

Chorus:

I am glad I am insured,
 I'm glad the premium's paid,
 I'm glad I've got my policy,
 And with Christ my peace is made,
 'I'm g'ad I know I'm ready,
 Oh bless the Saviour's name,
 I've naught to fear,
 My book is clear,
 I know I'll get my claim.

Each Britishman's sure to get,
 A bonus greater far,
 Than is offered by The Legal,
 The Sun, or yet The Star,
 Think of the Refuge you will have,
 When the Devil darts may hurl,
 The Prudential, or Imperial,
 Could not give you such a Pearl.

You will get immediate benefit,
 If you join us right away,
 And our tables, they are better,
 Than the Devil's, any day,
 We know you have been canvassed,
 But you won't put down your name,
 Therefore, you've got no policy,
 And you cannot make a claim.

IS SALVATION BY WORKS OR BY FAITH?

By works according to the following lines, which appeared in an Ottawa paper a short time ago. But what saith the Scripture? "For by grace are ye saved through faith and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God, not of works: lest any man should boast." Ephesians 2:8 and 9. My answer to above poem.

I think I've all a man should need, in this, the simple little creed, that's posted in my lid: "With all your fellowmen be square; be kind and just to all, r-w care a cent what others did." If one is square and just and kind, I don't believe he'll be behind, when they distribute crowns; he'll be a credit to this globe, and he will swap for snowy robe, his workworn handmedowns. Religion's tangled, leased and veiled, with dogma and conflicting texts, by cages splitting hairs; and all that fellows really need is just that simple little creed, to climb the golden stairs.

My answer to above poem.

DOES MY CREED AND THE BIBLE AGREE?

I read your poems most every night,
Most of them give me delight,
I think I ought to tell you so,
I marvel at the thing: you know.
But your poem of fourth of May,
The marvel turned the other way,
I'm surprised you said the things you did,
About a Creed beneath your lid,
Wherever did you get that creed?
I'd like to know, I would indeed.
It's not the one that Jesus brought,
The kind that Paul and Peter taught,
These all tell us straight and plain,
To be saved "we must be born again."
When you get to Heaven with that creed,
You'll cry "well done, I've done the deed,"
The blood-washed cry, "I'm saved, I am,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb."
In Heaven there'll be a great discord,
You'll praise yourself, the rest the Lord,
Now, if by being square and kind,
You think you will the GLORY find,
Then why did Jesus come to earth,
To tell us of the second birth?
This is as plain, as plain can be,
If you read JOHN and chapter three.
Could Jacob's sons be kind and square,
Treat Father and Brother so unfair?
We read they down to eat did sit,
And Joseph cast into a pit,
Will the Father say to you "Well done,"
While in the pit you cast His son?

To as many as the son receive,
He gives them power to believe. (John 1:12)
By His power you become His child,
Then you are gentle, meek and mild.
You do not boast that you are square,
LORD, keep me humble, is your prayer,
The things you name are only fruits,
In Christ the tree must have its roots,
"I am the vine," the Master said; John 15 and 5)
Are you a branch? If not you're dead.
"By grace we're saved," the Heavenly host.
About their work will never boast. (Ephesians 2, 8 and 9.)

Two men went to the house of prayer,
 One claimed that he was kind and square,
 The other loud for mercy cried,
 And went away, most justified,
 Unto GODS treasury there came.
 Crowds who gave no doubt for fame,
 But of the widow's mite so small,
 He said she's given more than all. (Mark 12:41.)
 You speak about a snowy robe,
 And being a credit to this globe,
 The world will hate, if you are good,
 You are sure to be misunderstood, (2nd Timothy 3 and 13),
 White robes JOHN saw, when on Patmos,
 Washed in the blood of Calvary's Cross.
 Religion's tangled, teased and vexed,
 When works are first, and JESUS next,
 Some things I fear you have not learned,
 It's by the spirit they are discerned.
 If to these things you will give heed,
 I have no doubt, you'll change your creed.

WALK WITH HIM IN WHITE.

For years I went astray,
 To sin was my delight,
 My heart was black, and strange to say,
 I did not want it white.

But God in mercy came,
 His spirit gave me light,
 I saw my sin, and felt my shame,
 And longed to be made white.

I then for mercy cried,
 But still with self did fight,
 The old man was not crucified,
 My garments were not white.

At last I gave my all
 To serve GOD with my might,
 In answer to my Saviour's call,
 I walk with him in white.

LONELY, BUT HEALTHY, POOR BUT WEALTHY.

I saw beneath a wooden stair,
 A sight I'll not forget,
 A lovely plant was growing there,
 I think I see it yet,
 No other sign of life was round,
 The ground was black as soot,
 Going near it sprang I found,
 From a common hazel nut,
 I really marveled at the sight,
 With it I was enchanted,
 I said I'll have this very night,
 That lovely thing transplanted.

But I could not get that plant to grow,
 When it was brought inside,
 The cause I really do not know,
 But it withered soon, and died,
 Dear Brother, you may be a plant,
 Alone, and far from wealthy,
 Too poor to get some things you want,
 And yet your soul be healthy.
 Well "life is more than meat" we'er told,
 And "the body more than raiment,"
 Salvation's better far than gold,
 And you got it without payment.
 If GOD should answer every prayer,
 And you got the place you wanted,
 You might be lean in spirit there,
 Die, if you were transplanted.
 It's better far to be alone,
 Like JOHN when on Patmoss,
 And get a vision of GOD'S throne,
 Than live for earthly dross.
 Then let us, Brother, murmur not,
 But for GOD'S glory shine,
 And if we're in a lonely spot,
 PRAISE GOD, WE'RE IN THE VINE.

THE BEST SHOW.

If you want a show,
 To the show my Brother go,
 But you might as well just have the proper style,
 You'll be left far in the lurch,
 If you go to show in church,
 The Theatre kind are better by a mile,
 Real religion's loving JESUS,
 And the kind of things that He does,
 But you cannot love the world and God as well,
 So my Brother do not trouble,
 And try and do things double,
 Where your treasure is your life will always tell.

SAFETY FIRST.

If there is a GOD above,
 One I ought to serve and love,
 If it's true there is a Hell,
 Pains of which no tongue can tell,
 If when I die I'm blest or cursed,
 My motto should be "safety first."

SOME ONE HAS SAID.

Don't worry about the future,
 The present alone thou hast,
 The future will soon be the present,
 And the present will soon be past.

BUT I SAY.

Do not worry about the past,
 Nor o'er the present fret,
 Future alone with you will last,
 You've that to deal with yet.

LIBERATION

Thank GOD because He made me straight,
In a crooked, perverse nation,
From Romans seven, to Romans eight,
Is a glorious LIBERATION.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

I used to live in Romans seven,
It was an awful place,
To say the least I was far from Heaven,
My Land-lord, law, not Grace,
I moved into a street called straight,
A glorious habitation,
I'm living now in Romans eight,
Free from condemnation.

MR. SMOKER.

I know a man named Smoker,
And he's certainly no Bore,
For he's a jolly joker,
When he comes into my store,
But there's one thing's provoking,
With Smoker and his type,
They say when they are smoking,
"Will you please excuse the pipe."
But when swear words they're using,
Or GOD'S name they take in vain,
They think not of excusing,
These things which give me pain,
Now don't think I am joking,
When this one thing I make known,
I love the smell of smoking,
In preference to BRIMSTONE.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

He heard his country's call,
And would not disobey,
He freely gave up all,
And answered right away,
His character was clean,
He was loyal, brave and fit,
Said he, "One thing I mean,
And that's to do my bit."
Beloved by all was he,
Oh how we miss his face,
Dear LORD we look to thee,
To save him by Thy grace,
We pray with broken heart,
That peace may quickly come,
And when he's done his part,
LORD bring our loved one home.

